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WISE WORDS

OF WEE

WILLIE WICKHAM

AND OTHER STUFF

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WILLIE WICKHAM
And Other Stuff

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This is Willie

Cartoons by D. Logan and F. I. Weatherbee

Los Angeles, Cal.
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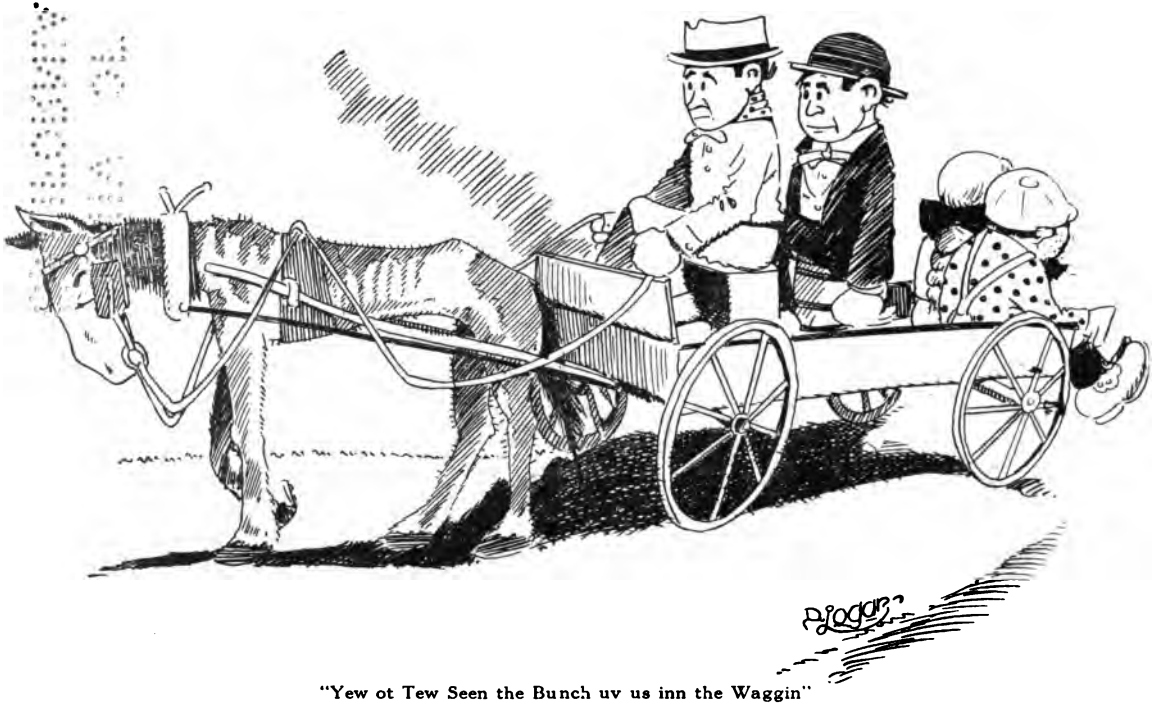

"Yew ot Tew Seen the Bunch uv us inn the Waggin"

Willie Wickham

His Essay on the Horse

The horse is a grate animule, he is biggern a dwag but not as big az a elefunt but more useful. Pa sez a mule is bilt sumthing like a horse but is different in uther respecks. Thare iz several kinds uv horsis besides the ani-

Sum Horsis ar Awful Lene

mule horse, fur instunce thare iz the saw-horse and the kloze-horse, the horse-pistel, the horse-chestnut, the horspital, the hobby-horse, the horse-fly, and the horse-reddish. Thare iz a diffrunce buttwean a horse-reddish and a reddish horse same az thare is a diffrunce buttwean a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse. I herd a man say to an-

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other men onct, "that's a horse on you" but I cuddent see no horse on nobody; sum people sez a nite-mare sumtimes gets on a man's stummick, an' he kant help hisself, speshully wen he haz a little colt in hiz hed, which makes him hoarse.

Horsis ware blankits an' shoes but no other kloze, and thay don't kare a straw what thair bed iz made uv, cause they sleep standing up and kant stand layin' down.

Sum horsis are awful lene but sum are fat an' sum are tew fat to lene. Pa askt me onct if I ever saw a horse buck but I guess he ment a saw buck, that wood be more like it.

Hen Slitzenburger, de guy dat lives down in Clabber alley, told me de udder day dat "10 men kan lede a horse tew water but wun kant make 'im drink." Mebbee he swoor off; ennyhow, praps he thot dat waz a joak, heze alwaze kiddin'; den agin heze alwaze trunnin' bookays at hisself an' tellin' about de swell fokes he goze wid, an' de nifty skirts he haz gott on de string, an' about hiz hi livin', but I found out about hiz hi livin' awl rite. De udder day he kums along chewin' a toothpick and smokin' a koffin nail.

"Swell feed I jest had," he sez.

"Whare?" sez I.

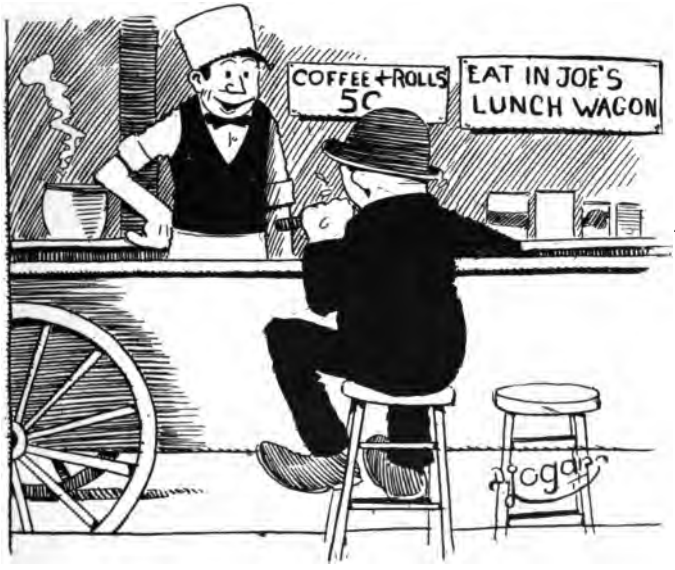
"Down to the Castoria," he sez.

"Aint no pie dump by dat name," sez I.

"Sure iz," sez he, "an' I had my dinner a la carte."

I didden no what he ment by a la carte until I seen 'im las' Chewsday sittin' on a stool at Jerky Joe's lunch cart, in frunt uv de Astoria hotel, feedin' hiz fase. I had

'im wid de goods on 'im dat time. When I lamps 'im agin ile tel—but I'me fergettin' awl about de horsis, but



Dining a la Cart

shucks, dats awl I no about horsis ennyhow; nex' weak ile tel u about de dawg, an' believe me 'itl be de real dope. Goo' by,

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

His Tale of the Dog

WL dawgs look alike 2 mee —an' thay bight alike. Sumboddy sed a dawg's a man's best friend. Righto, speshully when yew ar broke, whereaz a man frend or a woman frend will shake yew but a dawg won't, praps itt's 'cause hee don't no de ole man's up against it and may b heed stick ennyhow, howsumevur he sticks an' thare you ar.

Inn wun respeck a dawg's like a woman, the moar kew beet 'em the better he likes yew.

I kame neer having a dawg wunst. I askt a man if heed gi mee hiz pupp and hee sed know.

Hen Slitzenburger thinks heze awful funny; yesturday he sez, lookin wize, "That's wun on de dawg."

"Whaddja mean," I sez," "wun on de dawg?"

"A flea," he sez, den ducks, ef he haddent Ide a swatted him. Hen Slitzenburger is de onnerist kid in Clabber Alley—an' dirty, aint no name fur it; he doan look as tho he evur had a wash. Nex' time he kumz 'round I'm gonna get even wid de simp. I'm gonna say "Hello Hen," an' heel say "Hello." Den Ile pretend tew bee frenly like an' say, keerless like, "I heer that's wun on u, Hen." Heel look surprized an' say: "One on me?

Waddja mene, wun on me?" Den Ile giv 'im the wunst over, Ile laf an' say "A dirty shirt." Gee but heel be soar.

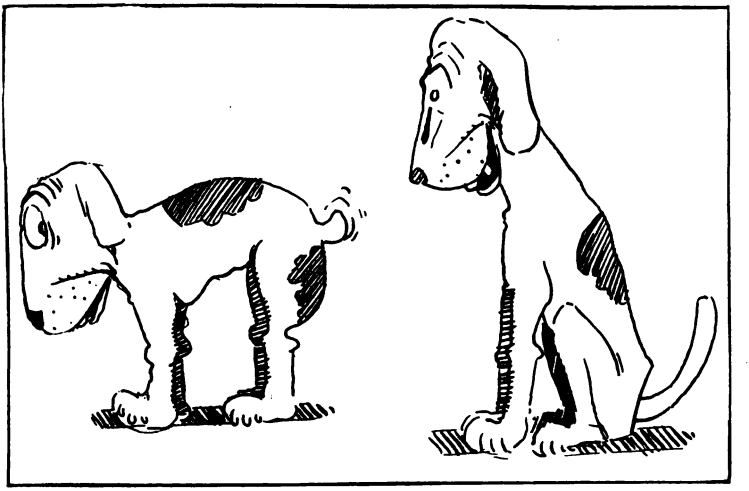
"We Got Ower Pitchers Took Long With Jerkiz Dawg"

I kame neer forgettin' mi promise tew tel u what I no about de dawg, so heer goze:

A dawg iz diffrunt from enny udder kind uv animule

"He Fleze Frum Flize"

becoz hez bilt diffrunt; heze biggern a kat but not az big az a horse ore a elefunt, or a kow or sum udder kind o' beests, but iz mutch kinder. In wun respeck he iz like a kat—he can sleap hiz hed off. I wunst had a dawg. I kald 'im Glue becoz he waz stuck up more'n must udder dawgs. Me an' Hen waz tawkin' about dawgs wun day



Cur-tailed

an' Hen sez: "Say Gink," (he alwaze kalls me Gink, I don't no why but he duz), "do u no de diffrunce buttwean a dawg an' a dude?"

"Aint nun," sez I, not thinkin'.

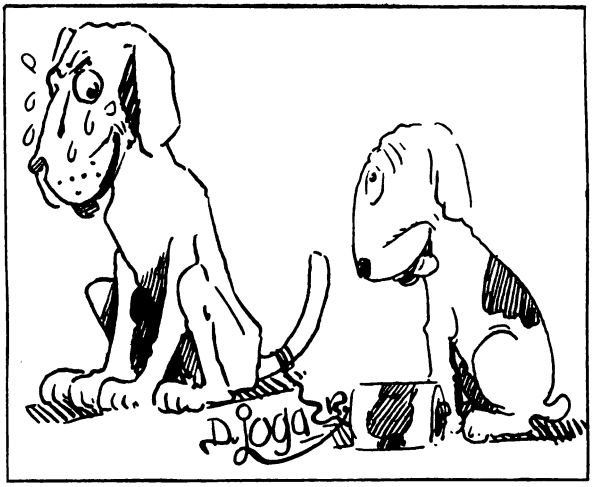
"Shure iz," sez he.

"What's de joak," sez I.

"Wun's got creases in hiz pants," he sez.

Dats de best thing on de dawg I ever herd 'cept de flea, but it was a slam on Fido awl rite.

Did u ever see a dawg laf? I did, 2 ov 'em, honest to goodness I did—wunst. I waz goin' down to Dago



"He Laffs Last Who Laffs Best"

Doozer's dump wun day an' jest az I kums along by Sloppy Slough I saw 2 dawgs, wun wid a long tale an' wun wid no tale whatsumever, an' de long taled dawg waz a laffin' at de dawg widout enny tale, but de verry next next day I saw de same dawgs but de no tale dawg was laffin' at de udder dawg becuz he had a tin kan tide to

hiz tale, wich reminds me whare it sez in de scriptures, "he laffs last who laffs best."

Jerky Joe haz got a dawg an' itz de onerist dawg yu evur seen. Itz a long, skinny yaller pupp wid black spotz an' a hed knot mutch biggern itz boddy... Wun day he (Jerky Joe) an' hiz dawg wuz standin' in frunt uv hiz (Jerky Joe'z) lunch kart az I kumz upp. "Howddja likes me pupp?" sez Jerky, "aint it sum k 9?"

"Cert," sez I, "itz a lalakapoozala, only I doan no wat a lalakapoozala iz, enny how I sez, "wad's de mattah wid iz tung hangin' out?"

"Got frost bit last summur," sez he, "lickin' de ice kreme pictur offun de sine on de frunt dore."

"Waddja kalz him?" sez I.

"I doan kawls 'im atawl," sez he, "he jest kumz ennyhow, 'speshully wen I be kookin' ham an' aigs; he likes ham awl rite."

Jes then Dago Doozer an' Hen slitzenburger, warein' a hard boiled hat, kumz along wid a fotygrafter an' wen dey lamps de dawg dey makes a holler tu fotygraft 'im.

"Awl rite," sez Jerky, "An' take de bunch uv us 2."

Gee, but that wuz a snap, and that's how we got ower picturs took 'long wid Jerkiz dawg, awl fur nuthin'."

"Sum dawg," sez de fortygrafter," no flize on him."

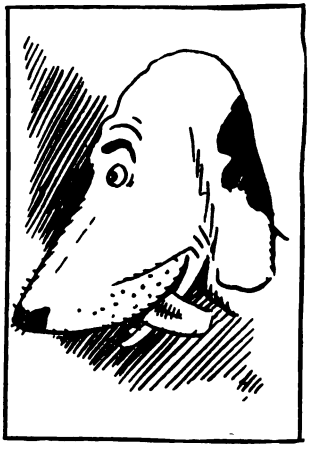
"Naw,' 'sez Jerky, "he fleze frum flize; dey aint got nuthin' on 'im."

Thare iz az menny kinds uv dawgs az thare is men, only diffrunt. Thare is de watch-dawg, de house-dawg, de kerr-dawg, de pedygreed-dawg, de sooner-dawg, (sokald becoz he kumz sooner when he iz given a bone).

the rat-dawg, the lap-dawg, & sew 4th.

That's awl I no about dawgs, dawggone dawgs enny-how, sew goo'by,

WILLIE WICKHAM.



A Specimen

WILLIE WICKHAM

Elucidates Concerning the Cat

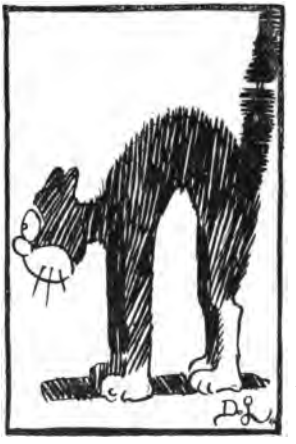
TAWKIN' 'bout katz I herd that Jerky Joe traidid hiz bull pupp fur a mezeley lil jet black mamma kitten; he sez it doan kost sew mutch tew fede kittenz az it duz tew fede dawgs, 'sides dey doan take up sew mutch room in hiz kart. Now I no why he kalled hiz dawg "Phil Upp" an' why heza gonna kall his kat "By," becoz uv its per, but that isent az bad az the man who named hiz dawg Curiosity jest becoz he kilt a kat. Jerky waz tellin' me an' Doozer 'bout 'iz new kit de udder day wen erlong kumz Hen Slitzenburger in his new hard boiled hat. "Wat's de arugmint Gink?" sez Hen, addressin' me; "wat's awl de confab erbout?"

"O, jes tawking 'bout katz an' dawgs," sez I.

"Katzen dawgs?" sez he, supprized like, "wat kind o' dawgs iz dem? I never herd uv that kind b4."

I new Hen wuz joakin' sew I jes givs 'im the wunst ovur. "O," sez I, "That's a new kind o' bull terrier," sez I, an he sez, "How sew?" Jerky Joe getz wize ter de josh an' butts in: "Gwan," he sez, "needer uv youse

noze wat yer tawkin' 'bout, ennyhow nuf ced 'bout dawgs, katz is awl to de mustard now roun' deze diggins, kum in an' see By." We cudden let de chance gow by sew me an' Hen an Dago Doozer kralls trew de hole in de wall. De place wuz so lil an' low that Hen bumpt hiz coco 'gainst a bord on de side uv de wall. "Look out fer de side bord!" hollers Jerkey, but 'e wuz tew lait, down



Jerkiz Kat

kum a lot uv tin panz. Gee, Jerkey wuz soar. Ennyhow he showed us de kat an' bragged 'bout itz pedygree an' itz fine points. It had fine points awl rite; it didden seme ter have nuthin' else.

"Wy doan yer kall it Napoleon?" sez Hen.

"Waddju mene, Napoleon?" sez Jerkey.

"Becoz he haz sew menny bony parts," sez Hen, and ducks jes in time to mis a durty dish rag dat Jerkey truns at 'im.

"Waddju fedes it on?" I askt, "der aint no mice an' ratz 'bout here," sez I.

"Koarse knot," sez he, "she" (meaning de kat) aint ol' nuf ter ketchum, what she likez iz milk an' fish an' gravy."

"He Fit"

"Good gravy?" sez I.

"Shure," sez he, "evury thing is good hear."

"Awl but de aigs," sez Doozer, not fergettin' de aigs he ordered wun day an' got choaked on de fedders.

"Well, that's awl rite," sez Jerkey, "dey wuz good wunst, but what's that gotter dew wid katz?"

"Tawkin' bout Jerkiz kat reminds me I promist tu tel wot I no 'bout katz but I dunno az Ile have time now. its sew lait, but ennyhow Ile jes giv yu a few fax.

"A Terrible Racquet"

Katz is a domestick animul same az a dawg an' a horse an' a kow but wat it is good fur I doan no. De dawg keeps burglers away, de horse works an' de kow givs milk an' butter—an' sum times cheze, but a kat doan dew nuthin' but ete an' slepe.

He Haz Sew Menny Boney Parts

Thare ar sevrul kinds uv katz both mail and femail. Sum ar mewzikul an' giv konserts in de back yardz uv nites. Pa wunst had a big kat kald Tomus but he got mad (pa did) wun nite an' kald it Sir E. Nade. Wun day pa aksts me wat dey kalls a small kat in England.

"Serch me," sez I, "I dunno."

"A kitten," sez he.

I thot that wuz kitten serious an' sed sew, ennyhow Ide rather hav a kitten than a kat, it (the kitten) doan liv sew long—it only haz wun life but a kat haz nine lives.

I had a fite wunst becoz I sed a kat had nine lives. A kid named Mike McGeary sed it wuzent sew. I sed it wuz, he said it wuzent. I sed it wuz, Den he sed "yew lye." I cudden' stan fer no sich back tawk sew I hit im in de noze, he hit back but mist me an' I fetched 'im wun in de blinker an' b4 he cud tel wher he wuz at I did 'im up good an' proper, you ot tew sene 'im, wun I wuz shet tite, hiz noze wuz skind an' wun of his eres lookt like a pece of raw beef in fly time—an'—he never teched me, but he fit awl rite.

I guess he felt like I did wunst when pa lickt me with a long tennis racket.

"Aint a katt got 9 lives?" sez I. "Shure," sez he, "I allus new dey had."

Howsumevur I had 2 konvince him uv de fac, which takes me back 2 whare I left off, sayin' as how a kat—but shucks thare aint much moor to say about katz so Ile kwit fur this time, so long, goo' by.

ures trooley,

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

On the Hog

With Pig Pen Sketches by D. LOGAN

A Pig Tale

T wuz my intenshun this weak to rite a essay on pollyticks but Hen Slitzenburger switched me awf.

"Everybudy nose 'bout pollyticks," he sez, "aint nuthin' nu tew tel 'bout it; wad's de mattur wid de hawg? 'taint evurbuddy as noze much 'bout that meak & mutch abuzed animul."

"Rite yew ar," sez I, sew hear I am tew satusfy de publick demand, an' wat I doan no 'bout hawgs ain't wirth printin', whareaz pollyticks iz a most disrepoutabul subjick.

Dago Doozer an' me wuz tawkin' 'bout "back to de farm" de udder day and Dago sez dat's de place fer him; he sez id's de mos' 'dependent life enny wun evur lived. "Jes tew give u a idee," he sez, "all yew got tew do iz tew put sum sede in de groun' 'an nacher duz de rest."

"Whaddja mene," says I, "doan yew hafter work? Doan yew hafter plow?"

"Naw," sez he, "de horsis duz dat," an' den he goze

on an' telz me 'bout de chickuns and kows an' hawgs an' udder animuls on de farm that makes de livin'. "Fur instunce," sez he, "wunst a day yew kollecks de aigs an' twict a day yew takes milk away frum de kows, an' dere yew iz—livin' at yew eze."

That awl souns purty gude but id doan gow wid me, wat I wants tew no is how yewr goin' tew git de chickuns an' kows an' horsis an' hawgs. Gee, I promist tew tell yew 'bout hawgs, an' wat I doan no 'bout dem aint wurth

A Hawg's Hed

fergittin'. In de 1st place a hawg iz noan tew be de mos' degraded animul that evur kum out uv de ark, dey ar sew mene that dey ar offen kompaired wid sum men, but in wun respeck dey ar diffrunt frum a man becoz dey only haz tew (2) tows whareaz a man haz 5 and wat 5 was gude 4 gits my gote, in udder werds serch me.

De bes' ting 'bout hawgs iz pig's fete, 'spechfully wen

dey ar pickuled, but pa sez it aint perlite ter ete 'em be4 brekfust.

Der are sevrull kinds uv hawgs, but dey awl look alike tew me. Amung de severull diffrunt kinds uv hawgs iz de razur backt hawg, de lene hawg, de fat hawg, de pork hawg an' de pig. Mos' awl hawgs haz 4 legs, but not awl, an' wen I sez that I aint kastin' no insinuashuns.

Thare are 2 kindz uv piggs tales, de Chinee pigg tale

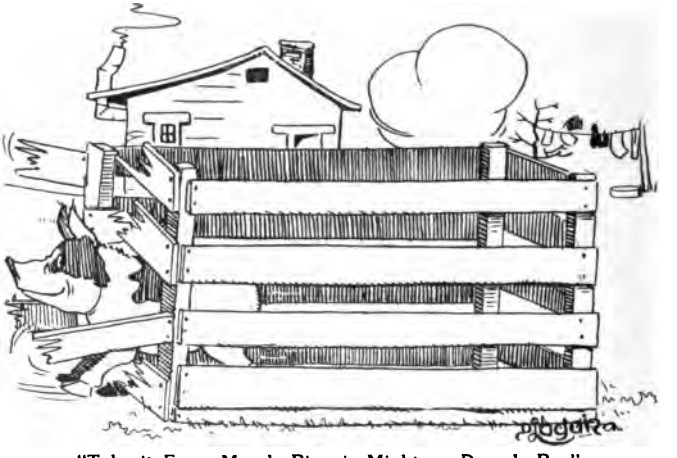
A Nuther Hawg's Hed

an' de hawg pigg tale, and thare ar 2 kindz ux hawgs hedz, wun growz on de pigg an' wun is maid tew hold terbacker an' udder merchandize.

Hen Slitzenburger noze a goodeel 'bout hawgs; wun day me and him wuz tawking on de subjick an he sez:

"A hawg iz powerful strong—not like butter, but fizziskully, why, Aleck de Grate diddin' no wat he wuz tawkin' erbout wen he sed de 'pen iz might'ur den de soard,' wy, de pen aint in it wid de hawg wen it kums to nockin' de stuffins out uv de pen, wy, ter day—"

"Whoa, back up," sez I, "that's bad grammur."



"Take it Frum Me, de Pigg iz Mightyur Dan de Pen"

"Whaddja mene, bad grammur?" he sez.

"Shure, bad grammur," sez I, "diddin' yew say 'terday'?"

"Yes, ter day," he sez, and den goze on, poetikul like, an sez, "We are hear tumorrow, dere yesterday but vere vas we ter day?" Oh, yes, I waz goin' tew prove 2 yew that de hawg is mightyur dan eeder de pen or de soard,

ter day I saw a hawg bust a pen awl tew peces an' git away. De pen mite be mightyur dan de soard but it hain't got nuthin' on de hawg. Take it frum me, 'de pigg iz mightyur dan de pen'."

I no lots moar 'bout hawgs, but doan' like tew tel, awl ive got to say in dere favur iz dat dey makes good ham an' aigs.

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

In Polite Society

Chapter I. THE CONQUEST

OW! I've got a gurl, never kared fur wun b 4 but this wun is sum chickun, onist shez the swellest skirt in Kerry Patch. I never seen hur but twyst, the 1st time wuz when I wuz gowing down bye Sloppy Slough, she wuz settin' on de bank wid hur bear fete in de watur an' eatin' a big pece uv bred an' jam an' de jam wuz awl ovur hur fase; awl de same, az I sed be 4, she wuz sum chickun.

Wen I getz klose tu hur she seeze me just as I seeze hur an' she lafs. I doan no wat she lafs at but b4 I cud ask hur she choaks on a pece of de bred an' if I haddent thumpt hur on de back sheed a croakt.

"Waddja mene, hittin' a gurl?" she sez.

"That's wat a gink gets fur savin' a gurls life sez I. Den she gigguls an' smiles, frendly like.

I sees she falls fer me an' I sez. "Ketchin' fish?"

"Nope," she sez, "jest kleanin up fur a party."

"But u kant dance," sez I.

"I'm learnin'," she sez, "Mike McGeary is learnin me tu tango."

"Whare iz de party?" sez I.

"Down tu Aggie Burke's on Sheephed Bully yard," she sez.

"U mene Bully vard doan yew?" I askt.

Awl Dresst Up—An Down

"Shure," she replize, "itz de swellist strete in Kerry Patch, dats whare I live"

"I gess Ile kum an' sea yew sum time, huh?" sez I.

"Shure," she sez, "kum Sunday, Ile have mi shooze on then." Sew I makes a date an' de next Sunday I goze down tew her shack an' shure nuf sheze dare awl rite in de frunt yard, an givs me de glad hand. She wuz

"Jest Cleanin' Up fur a Party"

lookin' purty az a picktur, awl drest up in a spankin' klene blue and yeller kaliko dress, white stockings and pink shooze; nifty? I shude say. Well, we had a fine time and I got awl tew de mustard wid her, mi but sheze smart.

"What's dat I here 'bout Harry Thaw?" she sez, "de papurs say heze gotta habeas corpus."

"Nuthin' mutch," sez I, looking wize, "that is German for I have a corpse consealed."

"Dat's wot I thunk" she seze "but what's all this tawk 'bout rabbit transit?"

"Why' 'sez I, doan yew no? that aint rabbit transit, itz rabid transit, meanin' slow trolley car service."

"I get yew," she sez, "I've bin thare, but say, I fergot tew ask yer name, wot iz it?"

"Willie Wickham," sez I.

"Will he what?" sez she.

"No joakin," sez I, "but watz yer name?"

"My name," she sez, "iz Kittie Kelley, an' I'm leven years old."

"Kittie Kelley," sez I, "U an' Mike McGeary aught tew make a good team, but say, I no dat kid, me an' him fit wunst, an' I lickt 'im proper."

"Know joakin yourself," she sez an' she lafs, sew doo I. Aftur that we gits purty frendly an' I invites hur to chew wid me down to Jerkey Joz sum day.

"Jerkey Joe?" she sez, "that's a knew wun on me."

"Sawl rite," sez I, "it aint a kristal palace but Jerkey is a kukoo of a kook jest de same." Ennyhow she said sheed take a chance an' made a date wid me fur tomorrer after skule, she sed she new sheed have a good time, so I'm

gonna wash mi fase and put on me klene speckled shirt waste an' stand Jerkey off fur a twenty-sent feed, Gee won't Hen Slitzenburger be soar? Tawkin' bout hiz dining a la kart, nuthin doin.

Aftur de bankwit Ile tel u awle 'bout it, meantime tra la loo.

The Bankwit a la Cart

Chap. 2; Willie Do Win

I aint mutch uv a kick her but dawggon that editur; why doz he put "Chap" tew awl mi manyou scrimps? Sawl rite tew put Chap tew sum uv them but wen i'm tawkin 'bout gurls he ot tew say "Gal wun" or "Gal too." Ennyhow the day uv the big show kums 'long an' Kit iz rite thare on the job—an' sum uthers.

Neckst time I takes a skirt out fer a chew itl bee a chillie day wen I givs it away tew annybuddy b 4 hand. Sumhow de gang gets wize tew de fede I give tew Kit (that's Kittie Kelley but I cawls her Kit fer short an' she cawlz me Bill) an' dey buts inn. Hen Slitzenburger givs

Close-Up of Jerkey Joe

'em de tip az how I swypt tree uv Maws henz and soled 'em fer tree bux. "Dats 'nuf tew fede de hole bunch uv us," sez Dago Doozer, sew he gits Hen to brace me fur a bid.

"Nuthin' doin'" sez I, "Doze ginks haz got their gawl, whaddja thinks, doz yew takes me fer a Rockyfeller?"

"Well," sez Hen, "de guys are good frenz uv yourn an'

wood stan' treat ef dey had de spon as you haz got. Doan be a skin, show de boys youre de real ting."

"Sawl rite," sez I, "but may bee they'll run me in fer moren my pile."

Well, I jes wanted to show dem fellers I wuz no cheap skate, fact iz I alluz waz a ded game sport sew I telz Hen tew trot 'em in.

Close-Up of Dago Doozer

"Who shall I invite?" he sez.

"Jes Dago Doozer, Jerkey Joe, Tomato Tom an' yew" sez I.

"How 'bout Tarantula Tim?" sez Hen.

"Nuthin dooin'" sez I, "heza bum, nothin' dooin,' sides thar's 6 uv us awl redy an'—lets see, 2 bits a pece make 1 fifty tew the bad, not counting fer extras an' tips."

"Oh, shucks!" sez Hen, "Yew ain't suppozed tew invite Jerkey, heel be glad nuf tew have yew patroneyes his dump."

"Sew be it" sez I, an' sew it wuz. I had de time uv my life, an' say, yew ot to seen Kit, it wuz a picknick fer hur awl rite an' I sertanely got myself awl tew de mustard wid hur—an de bunch? well, it goze witout sayin' dey sertanely put themseves on de outside uv everything Jerkey pushed out tew 'em.

"Giv 'em sum pi "sez I tew Jerkey an' de slob wuz gonna dew it, when I winks."

"Awl out uv pi" sez Jerkey, "how 'bout bred an' jam?"

"Great," hollers Tomato Tom.

"Nuthin better," sez Dago.

Den I winks agen and Jerkey sez, "By golly, I'm out uv Jam 2."

Sew they awl has to be satusfide with chilly con carnaye, chop sewage, hot dog, too mollies, spay getty an' coffee. It wuz awl purty gude but de coffey. Tomato Tom sed it wuz strong nuf tew work but Doozer sed it had nuthin' on de butter.

"Kwit yer kickin" sez Kit, "let de coffey kick."

"Shure," sez Hen, "de coffeyz got gude grounds tew kick"

"Well," sez Tomato Tom, "that settles it, if coffeyz awl de strong drink we gotta swaller, lets drink it an' have a toast."

"Hain't got no toast," sez Jerkey "but I kin make sum."

Den we awl laffs an' Jerkey gets soar—he doan sea de joak, howsumevur he sez if annybuddy doan like de cof-

fey he kin hav sum milk, so I ordurs sum but I didden drink it fer wen I wuzzent lookin' de Kat drunk it awl up. I new it wuz de kat fer its hed wuz awl white wid milk.

"Bout that time de bunch got tew tawkin' 'bout hi life, Kapitul an' labur, war in Mexico an' uthur subjicks.

"Do you think de greasers kin lick our sojers?" sez Hen.

"Naw," sez Jerkey, "dey kan't lick a spoon."

"Sawl rite," sez Tomato Tom, "yew ot to sea 'em fite."

"Fite wat?" sez I, "booze?" but he doan say nuthin' moar cawz Jerkey Joe is tellin' how John Jacob Astor kum to marry a purty gurl.

"De way it happuned," sez Jerkey, "wuz dis way: sum guy wuz courtin de gurl but waz 2 bashful tew propoze so John Jacob Astor." what he wuz tawkin 'bout nobuddy noze sew we awl givs him de horse laff an' de gink laffs tew. He wuz sew plezed he past round sum tooth picks an' sed he wooden' charge fer them.

That toothpick bizness wuz a hint the fede wuz ovur, ennyhow we awl new it wuz fer there wuz nuthin' left but de plates, sew we awl started tew go wen Jerkey hollers "Whoa, Bill!"

"What yew want?" sez I.

"De dough," sez he.

"Its in your bred," sez I.

"Cum off, cum off, you make me cough," sez he.

"Den cough up yerself," sez I.

"No foolin, Bill" sez he, "here's de bill, two thoity."

"Sawl rite," sez I, "didden I cawl this fede a tin roof?"

"Sew yew did, but wat's that gotta dew with the dinnero?"

"Wy," sez I, "that's up tew yew. I said a tin roof an' that's on the house."

Ures trooley

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

An Angler Would Be

With Hook and Line Drawings By D. LOGAN

Tawin' 'bout hi life an' sportin,' yew ot tew seen us last Satiday. Me an' Tomato Tom an' Hen Slitzenburger an' Kit awl went fishin'. Tomato Tom took us. When we wuz gowin' home from the eats at Jerkey Joez, Tomato sez, "Say, kids," he says, "I'm gowin' fishin' Satiday, doan yew want tew go?"

"Sure, Mike," sez I.

"Me 2," sez Kit, an' Hen putz inn hiz oar an' sez, "I'm in on that, yew bettcha."

"Whare yew goin?" sez I.

"Gess," sez Tomato.

"Sloppy Slough?" sez Kit.

"Naw," sez Tom, "I'm gowing to Venice an' fish in the canal, thare's nuthin but tadpoles in Sloppy Slough."

"Sawl rite," sez Kit, "I cawt a turkel thare wunst."

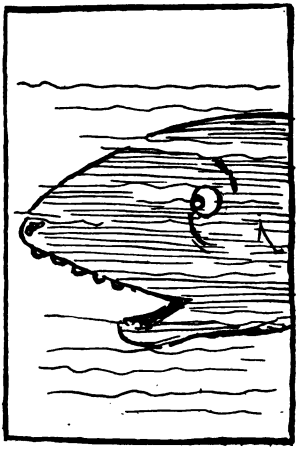
Ennyhow we awl sed weed bee reddy at ate o'clock Satiday mornin' an' meat at the market corner uv forth an' fift, an' Tomato wood take us inn his vegitabul waggin.

"Doan yew fergit to bring yer lunch,' 'sez Tom, an' yew bet wee diddent.

Kit came nere not gowin', her Ma sed she wuz afrade sheed get drownded but when I told hur I'd sea that she

diddent fall in the see she sed, "awl rite," sew she went awl rite.

Yew ot tew seen the bunch uv us in de waggin, Hen settin' on a beer keg, Me an' Kit in de bottom wid ower fete hangin' down and Tom drivin' the cayuse, an' what a lene crowbait it wuz; it didnt have nuthin' on Jerkiz



It Got Away

kat thow. Awl the same we got thare an' went tew fishin' but Hen tawkt sew mutch the fish wooden bight.

"Kwit yer gab," sez Tomato, but I didden sea why he kared coz he spent most of hiz time with a bottle he brung 'long with him an' aftur awhile Hen fell asleap on the bank an' fell in the watur.

"It wuzent deap howsumever," he sez, as he cralled out, an' I wooden care if I hadden got wet," he sez.

Ennyhow he skairt awl the fish an' the only bight we got wuz what we brung in our lunch baskits but we didden kare, we wuz havin' a swell time awl the same. Purty sune we got tew tawkin'. Hen started it.

"What's awl this tawk 'bout home rool?" he sez.

"Any gink ot tew no that," sez Tomato.

"Bettcha doan no yewrself," sez Hen.

"Shure doz," sez Tom.

"Shoot," sez Hen.

"That's when yewr Maw gits hur Irish up," he sez, "an' takes the yard stick tew yew."

"Gwan," sez I, "kwit yer kidden. What I wants tew no iz, when will a bumble bee?" Then they awl looks sober but Tomato, coz he can't.

We awl seen he wuz stewed an' sed sew, but he only lafs an' sez, "Then I gess I must bee a Tomato stew." Then we laf stew. Jest then Kit hollers, "Halp! Halp! I got a bight, halp, it's a turkel.!"

We awl run tew help hur, but Tom fell over his foot an diddent get thare; howsumever Hen an' I did an' when we pulled the line thare wuz nuthin' on it but the hook, even the bate wuz gone, sew we wuz all disgusted an' opened the lunch baskit an' got the onley bight we had that day. Howsumever we cuddent gow home without sum fish sew we bot sum at the meat market.

"Rap up 2 fish fer each uv de kids," sez Tom, "and Ile pay fer them," sew we awl went home making' out az tho we had gude luck.

"Wot kind are they?" sez Maw when I trun 'em on the tabul.

"Serch me!" sez I, "dey lookt like sammen tew me," awl de while noin I haddent saw 'em.

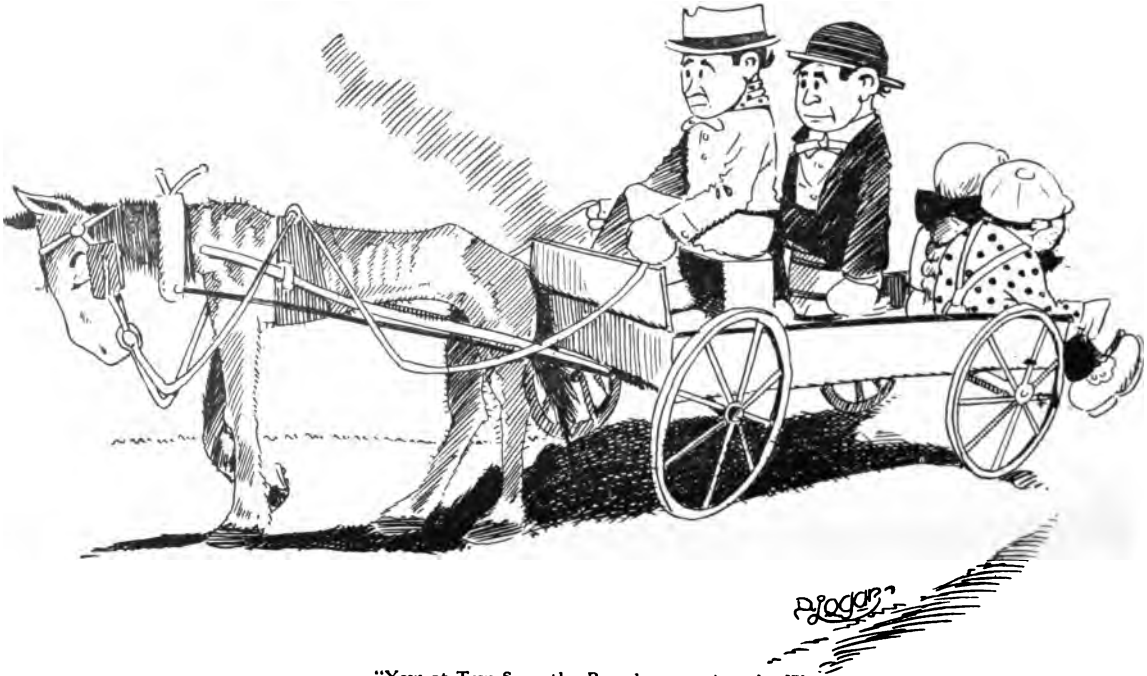
"Wow!" she sez, openin' de papur, "dey must bee smelt."

"Whaddja mene, smelt?" sez I.

"Wy," she sez, "thay ar dride fish an' bin ded fer ages."

Sinsearly ures

WILLIE WICKHAM.



"Yew ot Tew Seen the Bunch uv us inn the Waggin"

WILLIE WICKHAM

Has Adventure

W, daggonit, I'm gonno kwit goin with Hen Slitzenburger if hee doan kwit shootin' sew mutch slang. B'leve mee heze de slangyist gink in Kerry Patch. Heze got sew hee kant tawk mutch else. Wun day wen I wuz waukin' down Wild Cat Chute on de uthur cide uv Sloppy Slough, 'long kumz Hen whislin' "Henny Whoze Yer Honey?"

"Kut it out," sez I.

"Whaddja mene, kut it out," sez he.

"Cheze it," sez I.

"Doan yew like it?" sez he.

"Nix, nuthin' doin'," sez I, "an watz moar, I doan like de lingo yer shootin' off uv lait."

"Pu shaw," he sez, "yew aint wize tew de ded langwidgez," he sez, an' then he goze on an' sez az how heze bin goin with sum of the gurlz down to Mrs. Sippy's Yung ladiz Cemetery whare they lern yew the ded langwidge and Irish.

"Sawl rite," sez I, "Tarantula Timz gottcha skind wen it kumz tew ded langwidgez, he noze moar exstinkt wurds than yew evur herd uv."

"I Didden' Say I Cude Dew It the First Time"

"Koarse," sed Hen, "hee yewst tew bee a grave diggur; hee told me that meny a time hee yewst tew take hiz bottle in the grave yard an' have a gude time with the spirits."

"Y'aint tawkin tew me," sez I, "know spooks in mine."

"Stay on de wattur waggon den," sez he.

"You're shoutin," sez I "butt we wuz tawkin' 'bout slang. I doan like itt."

"Youse a back number," sez he, "ittz all de gow wid de skirts down tew Mrs. Sippyz, b'leve mee dey ar a fly bunch, aint know niftyur kids in Kerry Patch."

"Doan ketch my gurl usin' slang," sez I, "she doan like it any worse than I dew. In the 2nd place I nevur lerned it and in the 1st place I nevur cude ketch on."

"Let up blowin' bout you're gurl," sez he, "kwit yer kiddin', I'm sleapy, wuz up lait las' nite, mee fur the hay, sew ovur the rivur."

An' hee goze home sew I starts to gow tew wen I seez 2 men down bye Sloppy Slough an' wen I kumz upp tew them one uv them—a little feller sez to the big wun, "I bet yew 4 bits I kin trow yew acrost de slough."

"I take de bet," sed de big duffer, "here, hold de steaks, kid," he sez tew me, sew dey eech puts a half in my mitt. Den de skinny guy grabz de fat moak an' truns him in de slough an' neerlie drownded him.

"Dawggonit," yelz de pussy boob, crallin' out uv de muddie wattur an' sputterin' like a whale, "I new yer cudden dew itt. Hear, kid, gimme de steaks."

"Not on yer tin type," sez Skinny.

"O, I gess yes," sez Fatty, "yew lost, awl rite."

"Knot yet," sez the tiny tad, laffin'.

"Whaddja mean, knot yet?" hollered de heavy wait.

"Wy," sez the slim jim, "I didden' say I cude dew itt the 1st time."

The Green Eyed Monster

CHAP. THE TOOTH.

I gotta grouch, leastwize, I did have, but sawl rite now. The uther day I wuz kummin' down Tango Terrace an' who shouldi see but Kit wauking long wid Mike McGeary. She seen me kummin an' ternd pail, but I wuz soar an' didden' let on az I seen hur but tangode along like I didden' no dey wuz on erth. But I wuz soar awl rite 'cause she is my steddy (ennyhow she sed she wuz on de way home de day we had ower feed at Jerkey Joez), and tew think uv her goin' wid anuther gink, 'spshually that onery Mike McGeary. Koarse I wuz sour an' maid upp mi mind to give her de shake an' Id a dun itt butt de nex' day me an' Hen wuz shashayin' down Persimmon Place wen I heres sum wun pipin' me name behind me. I new hur vois inn a minnit—maybe less, an' wen I ternz 'roun shez rite on hi healz.

"Say Bill," she sez, jist as tho nuthin' had happund, "kum an' play."

"I'm bizzy," sez I, sort a kool like.

"Naw yew aint, kum on," sez she.

"Wy doan yew get yer fren Mike McGeary?" sez I.

"He aint mi fren," sez she.

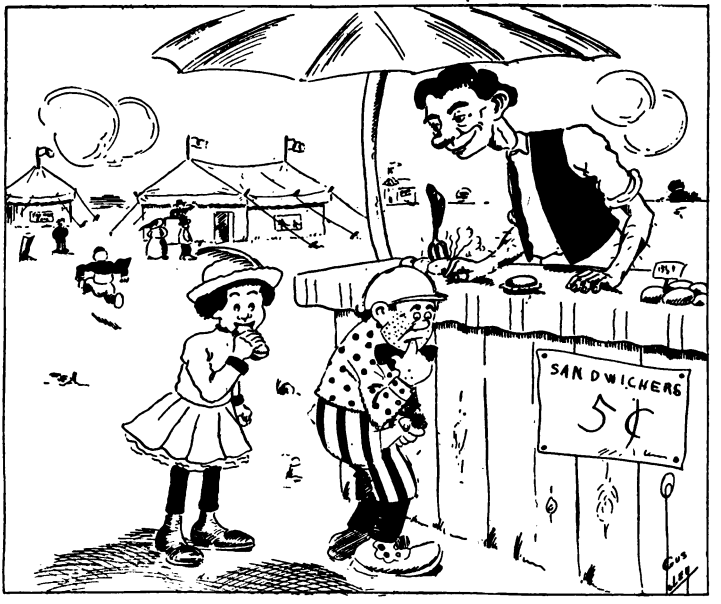
"Didden I seen yew shashayin' down Tango Terrace wid him yesterday?" sez I.

"Mebbe yew did," she sed, "but I cudden help it, he cumz upp tew me an' wawks about 2 blocks wen I ditched him at Sandy Samz butcher shop, corner uv 4th and 5th Street."

"Shure?" sez I.

"Onist tew goodnis," she sez.

"Well, that settled itt, like Tomato Tom settled the cof-



"I've Lost Awl Mi Money"

fey down to Jerkiz. Sew me an' hur an' Hen went down tew Sloppy Slough an' set on de bank awl de afturnune an' made up awl rite. Hen got fresh in de meantime an' gotta chewin' de rag.

"Wy doan yew 2 spoonz gow down tew de plaza an' spoon?" he sez.

"Doan git gay," sez I, "the first thing yew no yew won't no nuthin."

"Well, I gess I'm smartern yew," he sez.

"I don't think," sez I, "if yew ar yew mussed hav had a rush uv brains tew yer hed."

That wuz a corker, sew hee bottled up an' kwit the game. I never seen 'im wawk sew fast b 4. Kit nearlie had a fit.

"Glad heez gone," she sez, "lets take a wawk."

"Shure," sez I, "lets gow down bye the sirkus; itz tew lait tew gow inn butt we kin rubber 'roun the grounds."

Sew down we goze an' looks at awl the pitchurz on the side shows but purty sune we kumz tew a lunch stand an' Kit lamps a pile of sanwitchez. "Gee, but dem looks gude," she sez.

Well Im know cheep guy, az I sed b 4 an' wen I takes a gurl out for a gude time Im gonna gow de limick. "Shure, giv de yung ladie a sanwich," sez I tew his nibs behind de counter, an' he done it, an' awl de while I new I didden have a sent but I werkt de hole-in-de-pockit rackit an' it went, in uther werds it got bye. While Kit wuz gitten on de outside uv de ham an' bred I wuz serchin' awl mi pockits an' bi de time she had finisht 'bout half uv it I pulled out mi pockit with the whole inn itt. "Good grashus," I sed, "Ive lost awl mi money."

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

As a Dramatic Cretic

With Snap Shots By D. Logan and F. I. Weatherbee

Grate show I seen de uther nite down to Kerry Patch town haul. Me an' Kit went an' diddent git home til lait. Diddent kost me nuthin neethur. Tomato Tom bot 2 pastebords an' invited hiz gurl but she trun him down sew

he cudden gow, an' he gimme de tickits. It wuz a amatoor show but wuz some show all rite. Dey kald it "In Gow Ma, the Bare Bariun." Wot that menes I doan no but it wuz awl rite, awl rite.

Inn de furst ack dere wuz a big guy wid wiskers an' long hare hangin' down hiz back an' he didden have no

cloze but skinz uv wild anymulz, and he wuz de king uv a bunch uv uther guys like him only diffrunt, but dey looks like men and tawks like men an' dey wuz men only dey wore skinz like de big gink only diffrunt kindz. Wun

"Tomatoe Tom Gimme de Tickits"

"She Sitz Down on de Bear Ground at His Feat"

had a sheep skin, anuther had a wolf skin, anuther had a fox skin, anuther had a bare skin, an' so on—an' off.

Well, dey wuz chewin' de rag 'bout dividin' de swag, coz dew wuz robbers, kinda like grafters yew no, an' dey had made a hawl dat dey, ennyhow dey had took a prizner, a old man, an' de gang wanted tew hav him fer dere share sew dey cud git a ransum on 'im butt de king-bee buckt an' sed, "Ney Pauline, yew take de gold an' leve his job lots tew me, heze a old duffer an' I aint goin' tew see no harm kum tew him." Sew itt had tew gow at that az de big brute alluz had hiz way. Well, purty sune a swell dame shashays on de seen, an' bleve me she wuz sum chickun. She wuzn't skeered a bitt butt steps rite out uv de bushes an' breaks fer de boss.

"Aha!" cries his ginkshipp, "what have we hear? Hither, pritty wun, I woodst converse with thee," an' she kame, butt de gang buttz inn an' sez az how she b'longs tew them butt de hi monkey monk kant sea itt that weigh an' sez sew, den he shoos 'em away an' he findz himself a loan wid de baby. Furst rattle outen de box he trize tew git gay, but shez know flurt and she givz him the wunst ovur, she telz him that his old man prizner iz her own father an' that she kumz tew bee a slave in hiz place if he will let de ole man mozey. De gink lafs at furst an' tinks itz a joak but after while he changez his mind coz he seeze de kid is a innisent kid an' she gits his gote—he goze klene daffey over hur—ded in luv and putty sune insted uv bossin' her shez bossin' him butt he duzzent no itt, an' if he did he didden kare, coz he liked it. In wun part uv de ack he sez tew de gurl, "Kum hear," gruff like, butt de gurl givz hur hed a sassy shake an' sez, "I gow tew the spring tew klenze de kups."

"He Carriz de Lil Lunch Baskit"

I doan no what she ment bye "klenze" butt she sed itt. At furst he felt like gittin mad az he wuzn't used tew bein' tawked back tew, butt itt wuz such a good joak he cuddent help butt laf. Well, wen she kumz back she bringz a bunch uv wild flours an' green stuf an' sitz down on de bear ground' att hiz feat an' makes a reath, awl de time tawkin tew him jist as she wood tawk tew her littul brudder att home, an' de moar she tawks an' smilz de moar nutty he gits 'bout hur, but wen she goze tew put de reath on hiz hed he bucks. "Nix," he sez, "dem tings ar fur gurlz, knot men," but she sez she wants him to ware itt, sew he doze, an' knot only thatt butt he jist doze whatevur she telz him tew dew. De funnyist part iz whare she telz him about luv. He didden savvey it at furst but sune got neckst. An' wen she eksplaned and sed, "2 soles with butt a singul thot 2 hartz that beet az wun," he neerley had a fit an' wantz tew hug de gurl, but dassent.

Ennyhow he letz her ole man gow an' she stays tew bee hiz slave, butt b'leve mee she doan slave enny butt haz a ezy time. One day howsumever hiz pirates gits soar coz he spends awl his time wid de gurl, whoze name iz Parthenia, insted of gowin on de war path an' robbin' de rich, an' dey telz him sew, but he shude worry, heze ded gone inn luv wid Parthenia an' she acks like she likes de moak allsew wid awl hiz long hare an' whiskurs. Ennyhow de gurl begz him tew kwit his wickud life an' gow wid hur to the sity whare she livs, butt he sez if he doze they will soak him thare coz he has robbed sew meny uv their peepul, but she telz him she will git him pardoned, sew he kwitz de gang an' goze wid de gurl, meak az a lam. She makes him carry de lil baskit uv lunch an' she carriz

de spear an' helmit an' shield. An' what dew yew think? Wen dey gitz tew de sity she makes him cut hiz hare, shave hiz whiskurs an' ware reel cloze, butt de wurst uv itt wuz she made him wurk, shure, an' she made a blacksmith outten him, an' de king let 'em git married an' guv 'em landz an' money, an' wot dew yew think he doze now? He votes fer wimmin.

ures trooley,

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM

At the Circus

THAT wuz a swel show me an' Kit seen down to Kerry Patch Town Haul the uther nite butt itt wuz-zent inn itt with the sirkus we seen the necks day. Gee, butt we are gowin sum, bleve me, a show wun nite an' a sirkus necks day. The funnyist thing 'bout itt tho iz that itt doan kost me nuthin. This time Pasadena Pete giv the paste-bords and didden no itt. "Hellow Kid," he sez, az I wuz kumin down Celery Strete the uther morning, "Want tew make ten cents?"

"Yew no itt," sez I.

"Well," sez he, "take this packidge over tew Miss Hamphatt, 28 Sleapie Hollow, an' when yew gitz back Ile pay yew."

Sew I done itt an' when he givs me 2 nickules hee awl sew givs me 2 tickits. "They ar cigar kupons," he sez, "I ain't savin' 'em, they ar' good fer a prize."

I wuz gonna trun 'em away when I seen thay wuz sir-kus tickits. "Golly!!" I sez, "Pasadena cuddent reed an' took 'em fer cigar kupons. Gee, but heel bee soar when he finds out. Ennyhow I goze tew hunt upp Kit an' ask hur tew gow but jest az I wuz passing Jerkey Joez lunch waggin I seen the hole bunch of the bums dining a la cart with Hen Slitzenburger. "Kum on, Bill," he sez,

lamping me, "chew wid us, mi treat, shanke hands wid me frens Tenderloin Top and Irksome Ike, jest from mi ole home, Cantata, Can."

Coarse I cudden refuse but wonders where the gink got the kale tew sett 'em upp but I guest whare when I herd that tree uv his muthers' peekin dux wuz missing.

"Wun Road a Horse Bear-back (the Horsiz)

Ennyhow I fedes mi fase att his expence an' sez nuthin'. Besides Hen an' the 2 moaks he introjuces me tew, thare wuz Tomato Tom and Tarantula Tim, awl sew Jerkey and the Kat. And after while long kums Dago Boozer. We had a good fede awl rite, an' a good eel uv fun.

Jerkey sez tew Hen "Yew likes tew dine a la kart, don't yew, Hen? Where do yew dine Sunday?

"Nowhere," sez Hen, thinking heze gonna git a invite, "nowhere," he sez.

"Too bad," sez Jerkey, "Ide hate tew fede yew Monday." An' he never crakt a smile, butt the uther guys awl

"The Serious Kronic Singer Flurts With a Old Johnny inn the Box"

givs him the merry ha, ha. An' purty sune Hen gits tew braggin' 'bout hisself an' how heze a ded game sport, an' spends the lucre. "I got itt tew," he sez. Then he rattuls sumthing inn hiz pockit an' sez "Money talks."

The Life of the Show

In the Bald-headed Row

"Yes, it says 'good bye' tew yew," sez I. Then they awl lafs agen.

When I telz 'em how I putz wun over on Pasadena Pete 'bout the tickits, Irksome Ike sez, "B'gosh, sirkus in town? Whare?"

"Down on Pan Cake Patch, bye Greazer Gultch," sez I.

"Let's awl gow," sez he. "Ile shake the dice tew see hoo will pay," he sez agen. An' hee had tew pay awl rite, coz Jerkey sprung the loaded dice on him, butt he didden no itt. Enny how they awl tagged after me an' Kit, an' who shod we sea when we gits there but Mike McGeary wid his new gurl Nanny Nokomis. Kit seen him but givs him the stony stare, an' he doan say nuthin.

Grate sirkus, awl rite, diffrunt from enny I ever seen b4. Thare wuz a reel stage an' reel ackting after the ring show, a grate deel more reel than the movies, an' reely good. Kit neerly had a fit when 2 koons kum on an' got off sum funny bizness. One sez to the uther, "hoo wuz that lady I seen you in swimmin with the uther day?" An' de uther guy, insulted like sez: "That wuz no lady, that wuz mi wife." Coarse Kit thot that had just been hatcht coz she haddent lived b4 the war, ennyhow she got my money's worth. Then there wuz a dutchman kumz out an' he sez a grate many foolish things. "Hoo am I?" sez he, "I bet me I no who am I, aint it?" an' then he scraps with anuthur slob an' sez: "Go on out an' put me out," or in, I forgit which, but the funnyist thing wuz whare a serious chronic singer gurl kumz on the stage an' flurts with a old Jonny boy in the box till he gitz soar an' sneaks out.

The ring acks wuz awl purty good, an' the clown wuz

a cuckoo, an' the skurtz wuz awl tew the mustard. Wy thay calls 'em skirts I doan sea coz I doan sea enny on 'em, gess thay doan kneed enny for the leg itimate drama.

"Wun uv the Skurts

Wun road a horse bear back (the horse's) an' showed her skill—I think that's what they kald itt.

Awl the while we wuz seaing the show we wuz gitin on the outside uv peanuts, popcorn and juju paste that Irksome Ike brung 'long with him tew treet the bunch, an' after the show Dago Doozer took us home inn hiz waggin. Grate time we had, b'leve me. But the funnyist thing uv the hull show wus when we kumz out, there wuz Pasadena Pete an' his gurl, maddern a March hair coz thay cuddent git inn the sirkus, the tickit taker sed nobuddy cuddent run no cigar kupons in on him fir sirkus tickits?" ures trooley WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM
As an Art Critic

TAWKIN' 'bout hi life me an' the bunch seen sum uv it last Chewsday nite down tew the art galleries in Kerry Patch. I wuz wauking down Tango Terrace Chewsday 4nune wen long kumz Pasadena Pete and he sez heze gotta invitashun to bring hiz frenz tew the grand opening uv the Art Gallerie that nite and asks me tew gow. "I wuz purty soar the uther day," he says, "when I found out I givz yew the sirkus tickits insted uv the sigar kupons, but sawl rite now, itt wuzzent yewr falt, sew kum long an' bring Kit.'

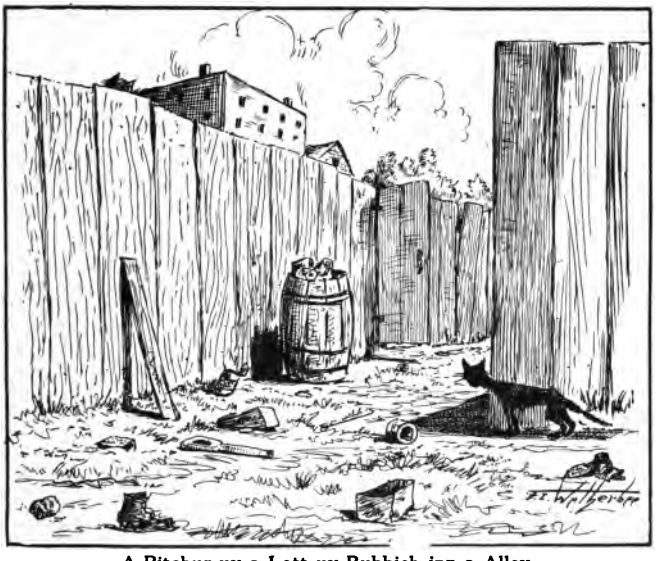
"I except the invitashun tew the opening," sez I, butt watt ar they gonna open?"

"Their eyes," he sez, "an' lamp the wurks uv art."

"Awl rite," sez I, "Me an' Kit will be Johnnie on the spot, but hoo else iz gowin?"

"The hull bunch," he sez; "besides me an' yew an' Kit thare will bee Jerkey Joe, Tomato Tom, Hen Slitzenberger, Dago Doozer, Enchalada Ed, Tanrantula Tim, Mike McGeary an' his gurl, Nannie Nokomis."

Sew that nite I washt upp good an' klene an' kald fer Kit, an' b'leve me she wuz drest upp tew. She had on a klene dress an' wore hur shoes and stockins. Shez waring hur dresses longer now, thay kum down neerlie tew



A Pitchur uv a Lott uv Rubbish inn a Alley

hur neez, butt doan hav know slitz inn them, she sez that kind ar 2 kool inn Wintur. Ennyhow we goze an' when we gitz thare the bunch is waiting fur us at the dore and we awl sashayes inn tugether. Thare iz a lot uv peepul thare and the rooms are lit upp as brite as day. We saw sum purty good pitchurz an' sum that I wudden hang in ower koal shedd, fer instunce thare wuz a pitchur of a

lott uv tin canz, an' old boots an' ashes an' rubbish inn a alley. Shucks, I see that stuff down in Clabber Alley every day. Then thar wuz a pitchur of a ole kow with

A Pitchur uv a Ole Cow

soar eyes an' ribs a showing an' 2 week tew stand. I seen lots bettur kows than that inn Wild Kat Chute. But the onneryist pitchur uv the hull bunch wuz a mezely dawg chasin' a poor kat. Both wuz wurse lookin' than enny I ever seen in Sleapy Hollow. An' wot I wants tew no iz why they make pitchurz of treez an' ole rodes an' hilz. We kin jist gow hafe a mile outcide uv town

an' sea ded lodes uv such things. Hawsumevur thare wuz sum swel wuns.

"Givin' Hur Big Tow a Foot Bath"

Furst thare wuz a pitchur uv a swel dame kald September mourn, I gess she lost hur kloze cawz she didden' hav nune, an' she lookt kold, inn fackt itt makes peepul shiver tew look att hur.

Then thare wuz anuther wun drest the same way, only moar sew, ennyhow neethur had anything on the uther. This wun wuz settin' down on the bear groun' bye a lake an' she wuz givin' her big tow a foot bath. Wun ole womun necks tew mee sez "Aint that scanlus? the bear fase thing," butt her ole man buttz in an' sez "Waddja mene, bear FASE, wot's the matter with the REST OF HUR?" Ennyhow they boath peekt sideways at hur fur a long time.

Then we sashayed along lookin' fur sum uther kind butt neerlie awl inn that room wuz jest like 'em, only diffrunt, sum peepul sed it wuz their poaz, whatevur that is, but I didden' sea nuthin' on 'em, sew I gess if thay wore a poaz thay lost itt.

Hen Slitzenberger sed a poaz wuz sumthing thay held their stockins upp with an' I sed thay ot tew ware sumthing besides stockins evun if itt wuzent ennything moar than a sad eckspreshun.

A gink neer me wuz chewing the rag with his wife, I cudden here wot she sez butt he sez "come off" an' she repliez "knot here," sew thay musta bin tawkin' 'bout her kloz 2.

Kit sed shede rathur sea sum wimmin with pirty kloze on sew we went inn 2 the neckst room an' thare thay wuz. Thay didden' have kloze awl ovur butt sum uv them had 'em frum the liver pad down. Pasadena Pete sed that wuz full dress butt I gess he wuz joakin'. Tarantula Tim herd him an' sed: "Back upp, nun uv yew no wot Sosiety kloze is, wy," he sez; "that's evenin' dress." Then Enchalada Ed gitz bizzy an' sez:

"If that's evenin' dress its fur purty late in the evenin'. Good nite."

Then we saw a big brute uv a man in prizen stripes an'

Tomato Tom sez hez a murdurur. "A murdurur," sez Kit, "why dew thay make a pitchur of him?"

"Coz," sez Tomato, "so thay kin hang him an' the pitchur awl inn wun.

Ures trooley,

WILLIE WICKHAM.

They didden' have klose awl over

WILLIE WICKHAM

As a Student

Yew ot tew seen mea att skool. I jest started inn. Wun day Hen Slitzenburger sed, "Letts gow tew skool Gink, an' lern sumthing."

"Shucks," I sed, "wat kin a kid lern? there aint nobuddy az kin lern mea nuthin'."

"Yer ded rong," sez Hen, "Thay lern yew tew spel and rite an' a lot uv things."

"But wot good doz itt dew?" sez I, "itt doan by yew nuthin'."

"Kum an' sea," sez he, "I'm goin', enny how we kin hav a lott uv fun, thare ar a hull lott uv boys an' gurls thare."

"That's diffrunt," sez I, "if thare's enny fun goin' on count me inn. When yew goin'?"

"Tumorrer," he sez. "meat mea at Paul Piperz Pie Palace in Clabber Alley at half past ate an' Ile take yew."

Sew that's how mea an' Hen kumz tew gow to skool, butt b'leve mea wun day wuz nuf fur all boath uv us. Wood yew b'lieve it the teecher hurself dident no nuthin', shea wuz moar ignerent than Dago Doozer, while Jerkey Joe haz gott hur beat a mile. Wy de furst rattul out uv the box she kummenced tew ask kwestshuns, tried tew find outt everything de kids new. She askt me what four times ate wuz an' I wooden tel hur, then she gott soar an' sed I dident no. I sed I did no but diddent kum thare tew tell awl I new butt tew lern sumthing. Aftur

that she gives me the wunst ovur an' asks Hen wot twice tree times sicks iz an' he sez "sevun."

"Verry good," she sez, jest az tho she new it awl the time.

"Now spel kat," she sez.

"K-a-t," sez Hen.

"Rite agen," she sez, "Yewl make a fine skollar sum day."

Then she asks a hull lot moar kwestshuns ov the uther kids an' b 4 skool wuz out she had lernt a hull lott.

Jest b 4 skool wuz out she tride to lern sumthing frum mea.

"Whare is the North poal?" she sez.

I thot Ide tel hur sew I sez, "on the uther side uv the south poal."

"Rite," she sez, "but how dew yew no? did yew ever sea itt?"

"Know," sez I, "but I pusht it thru the erth.

"Don't git gay," she sez, "yew are fired."

"Zat sew?" sez I, "who kares?"

"Jest fur that," she sez, "yew stay aftur skool, take your seat."

"Whare shall I take itt?" sez I.

"Yew impudint boy," she sez an' truns a ink bottul at me butt itt mist me an' hitts a cholly boy in the lamp an' he wood a had a black eye only itt wuz red ink.

I thot it was time for mea to make myself scarce sew I ducks an' wates on the outcide fur Hen, Purty sune he kums out b 4 skool iz over.

"Wot's the idee, Hen?" sez I, "why out sew sune?"

"O," sez he, "the dame's dippy, jest becoz I spelt hog p-i-g she sed 'Yew are ex spelled.' "

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM
As a Literary Critic

Who writes "Mary Pickferd's Daley Tawks," or Ella Wheeler Wilcoxis Pomes an' "Wurds uv Wizdum"?

Wy, there aint know 10 men or wimmin livin' wot kud wright sew mutch stuff as yew sea inn thee daly papurs with hur naim tew itt. Shee must hire a lott uv talunt to satusfy the demand 4 literatoor with hur naim tew itt. An' hoo evur new that Mary Pickferd had sew mutch sence? Wy, shea noze moren enny editur, if all that bunk in the papurz iz reely hern, but weather itt iz or knot itt wooden seam sew good if the reader got wise that the cub reporter terned itt out fer ten persent uv the selling price. I gess knot.

Ennyhow awl yew gott 2 dew tew gett big monie fur yure naim to peaces in the papurs iz two bee a base bawl batter, a prize fighter or any other kind uv gink who kuts a wide swath to gett talkt about. Don't matter if he kant spell his oan naim. The stuff that kums out in the papurs reeds like thee wurks uv Emmerson or Car Lile. An' just becoz a doctur inn Shekowgow woodent opper8 on a kid sew itt wood liv hee is boath a movie pitchur star and a grate awe thur at a 1000 per. Oh, its grate to bee a fule so long az yew kan get the wize guy without a naim uv hiz oan to dew yure wurk att a low price just sew yew gett the big dough fur yure naim.

WILLIE WICKHAM.

WILLIE WICKHAM
On Water

Water Sketches By D. LOGAN

Sum peepul havunt got no good wurd fur water, fer instance there iz Irksome Ike, the uthur day az we wuz waukin's down Tango Terrace, he sez, lamping Aligator krik whare itt emties intew Sloppy Slough, "I hait the site uv watur, I doan sea wot itt wuz maid 4, except 4 a chaser. As fur drinking, wy thare iz milk an' sider an' beer an' wine." "Shure," sez I, "I gess peepul cud get along without it so long as drinking is consurned, butt how about washing yerself an' yer klose, an' the dishez?"

"Aw, what did Adam an' Eve wash thair klose with?" sez he. "Didunt hav nuf klose tew wash, an wee aint know better'n Adam an' Eve." "Awl the same," sez I, "Adam found the watur purty gude tew fish inn, an' Eve found it handy for the fambly wash, evun ef they didunt have mutch kloze them daze, an' bye the way sum uv the wimmin uv today wood jest az leaf dress in the old way now if it wuz the stile, an' sum if it wuzzent."

"Awl the same," sez he, "peepul in the Garden of Eden got along sum way."

"Righto," sez I, "but they diddunt have wine an' beer an' milk tew drink, diddunt thay have tew stand fer watur?"

"What about the kokonut?" sez he.

"Nuthin but the shell," sez I, "that's awl there iz about itt."

A Poor Railroad Maggot

"Praps yew think that's a joak," he sez, "but ennyhow I"m down on watur."

"But at that," sez I, I sez, "you doan run itt down az you dew booze."

"Kwityerkidden," he sez, "booze is awl rite inn its place."

"That's inn yewr stummick," sez I, an' he laffs.

Jest then Hen Slitzenburger kumz long an sez: "Wat yew 2 ginks a chewin' the rag 'bout?" sez he, an' I putts him wize.

"Watur?" sez he, "watur? wy that's awl tew the mustard, wy, if itt wuzzent fer watur I cuddent take a bath ev'ry month an' me fase wood git purty durty."

"Yeah," chips in Irksome Ike, "ef it wuzent fur watur whare wood wee git ower rivurs and kriks an' lakes an' oshuns? an' how cud we gow bote ridin' an' saleing? Thats wot I wan 2 no."

"Pu shaw," sez Hen, "we dont half 2, we kan ride on the jitney buss fur a jitney, wot moar due yew want?"

I seen as how thoze 2 ginks kant agrea sew I butts in an sez "yew are boath rong, watur aint know gude fur ennything butt drinkin' an washin', an the jitney buss iz a interloapur, coz itt takes lotts uv traid aweight from the poor trolley kar kompaniz, an' purty sune ef thare gitz tew bee menny moar jitney busiz the poor rale rode maggots will hav 2 gow out uv biznez an' they will bee lucky tew git ennything az strong az watur 2 drink."

"Kum awf," sez Ike, "awl they kneed 2 dew iz tew watur thair stock."

"They haint got know stock," sez Hen, "thair karz ar awl puld bye lecktricitie an' that doan drink."

"Dew yew think them maggots wants thair papur tew get wet?" sez Hen.

"Know," sez Ike, "but them jitney buzziz will soke em awl rite."

"Well," sez Hen, "thairs Tomato Tom, hee wunt ride on know jitney buss, hee sez hiz vegtabul waggin is gude enuf fer him, th' uther day howsumevur he cumz a cross mike McGeary's old man on the watur waggin an' invited him to have wun on him, butt McGeary sez as how heez on the ole waggin to stay an' aint goin' tew fall awf no moar, sew u sea, sed Hen heza frend of watur." "That's awl rite," sez I, buttin inn, "I like tew sea a guy stand up fer watur, butt I doant beleeve in runnin' down all uthur licker, cause watur is a idle thing whereas uther kinds uv licker wurks."

"Wot kind wurks?" asks Tomato Tom, who jest cumz upp.

"Wy, sider wurks," sez I, " 'an ginger pops."

"Yeah, an' what ales the beer?" sez Hen, an' wee awl lafs at the joak.

"Know kiddin," sez Hen, "watur aint lazie, wy, yew kin gow down to the rezervoy enny day an' sea how the watur wurks."

"Yes," sez I, "an' the river runs."

"That aint awl," sez Tomato Tom, "even the fountains play, the oshun roars and the billows leap."

"Wait a minit," says Doozer, shashaying along, "havent yew ever herd uv the singing brook an' the laffing watur?"

"That's got nuthin tew dew with wurking," sez I.

"Yes, it doz," sez he, "don't itt wurk on yewr imaginashun? Now take a tumble."

"Not mee," sez I, "let the watur fall."

Farewell, this iz awl.

WILLIE WICKHAM.

"I, AND OTHER STUFF" is the title of a humorous book, alleged or otherwise, which has just escaped from the press. It is by M. E. (F. Weber Benton), teems with freaky cartoons as silly as the text and is said to have "Pigs is Hogs" skinned, as also "Helen's Kinds," "Venus and Adonis" and such like junk.

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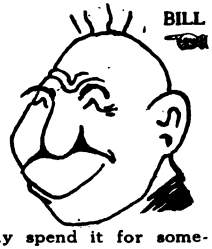

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